

# DARTHSCANNER

MINUTEMEN  
SCANS



#7

\$2.95

Stories  
Inspired by  
the Classic

**Disney**  
Attraction

# Haunted Mansion



# Welcome, Foolish Mortals...

## Laugh? I Thought I'd Die!

Nobody does jokes like Ezra Gasser — that is, until an exotic gag does him in. Will it be laffs all 'round at Gracey Manor?

Written by Jon "Bean" Hastings

Drawn by Jon Morris

## On a Tightrope

A *belle dame sans merci* hath bayou men in thrall,  
But she must learn this: *Pride goeth before a fall.*

Written by Chris Reilly

Drawn by Stephanie Freese

## Three of a Kind

Hobbs, Big Hobbs and Skinny Hobbs are the the Bayou's worst poker players. So why would they gamble with their lives?

Written by Chris Reilly and Steve Ahlquist

Illustrated by Chris Grine

## The Misery of the Manse

### Part One

Stately Gracey Manor, lately home to 999 ghosts, has descended into the bowels of the earth after ghost number 1000 showed up. Let Madame Leota explain to you what the devil has happened.

Written by Dan Vado

Drawn by Drew Rausch

Lettered by Eleanor Lawson

## HAUNTED MANSION

### SLG PUBLISHING

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Publisher*

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*Editor-in-Chief*

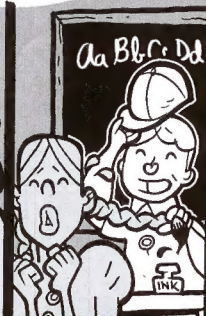
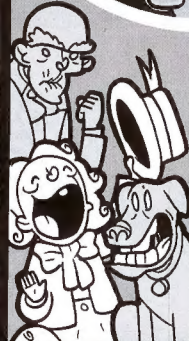
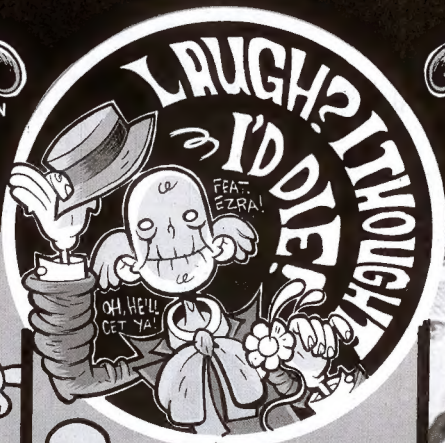
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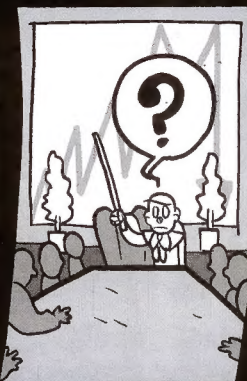
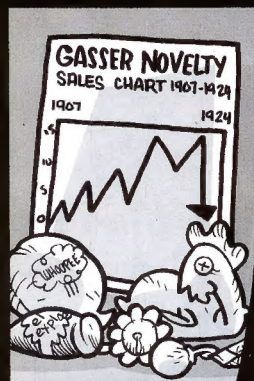
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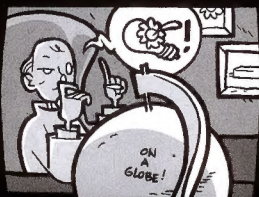
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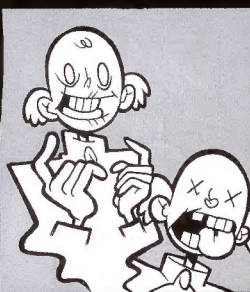
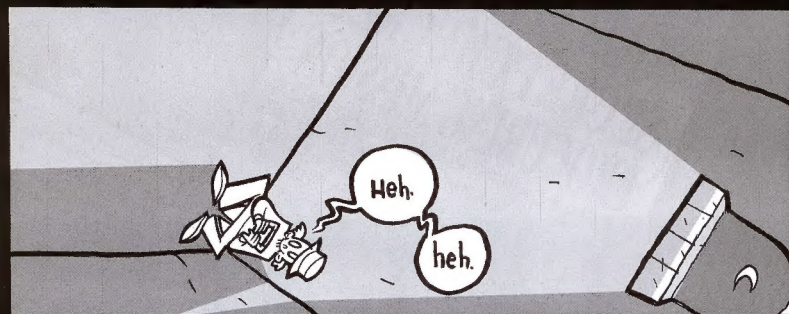
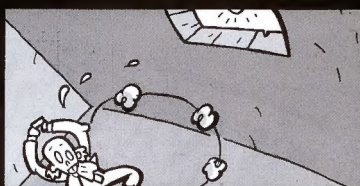
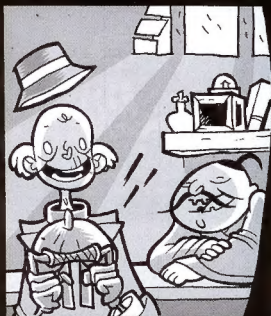


















# On A Tight Rope

WRITTEN BY CHRIS REILLY  
& STEVE AHLQUIST  
ART BY STEPHANIE FREESE

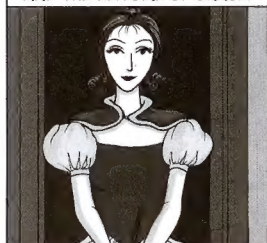
YOU'VE A FINE EYE, MY FRIEND.  
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT, OF WHAT SEEMS  
TO BE A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN...



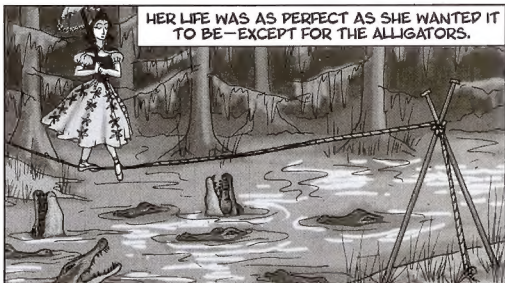
SHE LIVED WITH A TRAVELING CARNIVAL THAT HAD SOMEHOW FOUND A PERMANENT HOME AT THE EDGE OF THE BAYOU AND STOPPED TRAVELING. HER TRAILER WAS SUNK IN THE MUD ON A SMALL ISLAND ABOUT FIVE FEET INTO THE SWAMP, CONNECTED ONLY BY A TIGHTROPE.



SHE WAS THE VISION OF BEAUTY  
AND THE EPIHOME OF GRACE.



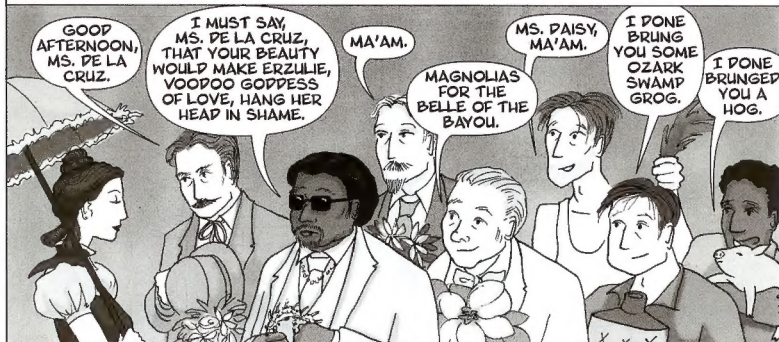
HER LIFE WAS AS PERFECT AS SHE WANTED IT  
TO BE—EXCEPT FOR THE ALLIGATORS.



GIFT BEARING  
MEN FROM ALL  
WALKS OF LIFE  
WAITED IN LINE  
EACH AND EVERY  
PAY TO WATCH  
HER GRACEFUL  
AERIAL BALLET,  
PERFORMING  
EVERY HOUR ON  
THE HOUR FROM  
NOON 'TILL SIX.  
BUT MOST OF  
PAISY DE LA  
CRUZ'S CALLERS  
NEVER LEFT,  
FOR FEAR  
THEY'D MISS  
A SHOW.



SEVEN MEN IN PARTICULAR WERE HELD CAPTIVE UNDER THE SPELL OF HER SEAMLESS BEAUTY,  
REGARDING HER WITH HEARTS LIKE EYES THAT TRACE CASTLES IN THE CLOUDS.



GOOD  
AFTERNOON,  
MS. DE LA  
CRUZ.

I MUST SAY,  
MS. DE LA CRUZ,  
THAT YOUR BEAUTY  
WOULD MAKE ERZULIE,  
VOODOO GODDESS  
OF LOVE, HANG HER  
HEAD IN SHAME.

MA'AM.

MAGNOLIAS  
FOR THE  
BELLE OF THE  
BAYOU.

MS. PAISY,  
MA'AM.

I DONE  
BRING  
YOU SOME  
OZARK  
SWAMP  
GROG.

I DONE  
BRUNGED  
YOU A  
HOG.



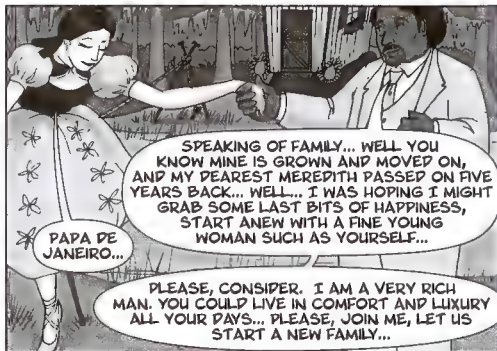
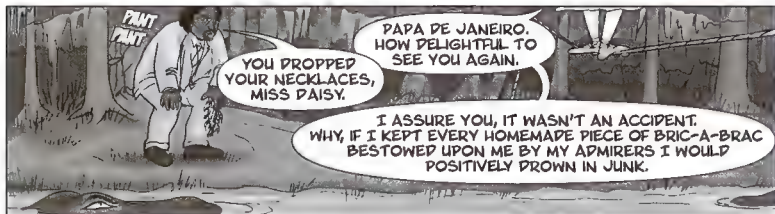
I DO DECLARE, YOU GENTLEMEN SPOIL ME AS  
THOUGH I WERE THE MARDI GRAS QUEEN, HERSELF.

WHY IS IT YOU WON'T LOOK US  
IN THE EYES, MS. DE LA CRUZ?

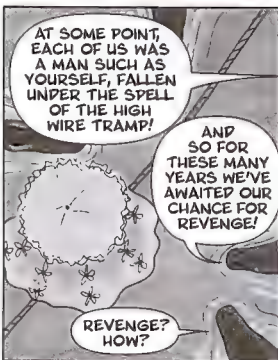
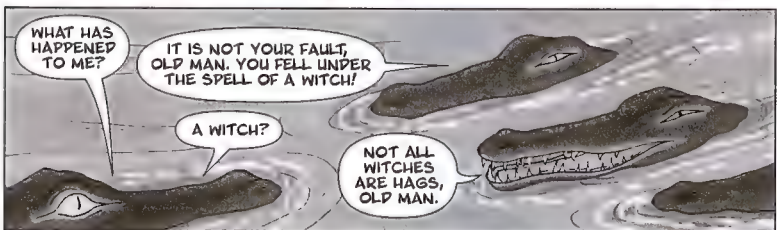
I DO BELIEVE  
MR. BAUDELAIRE SAID  
IT BEST, IN A POEM HE  
WROTE ABOUT YOURS TRULY,  
PAPA DE JANEIRO...

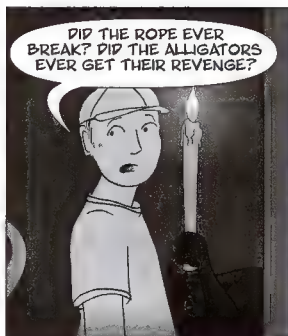










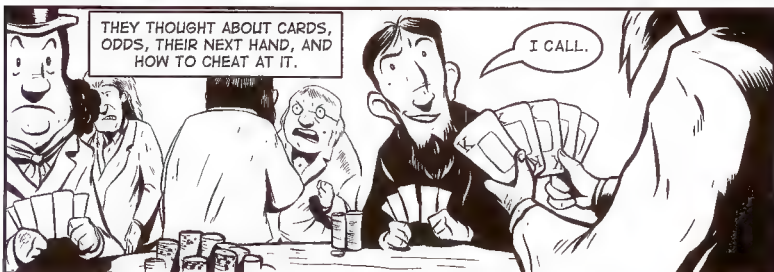
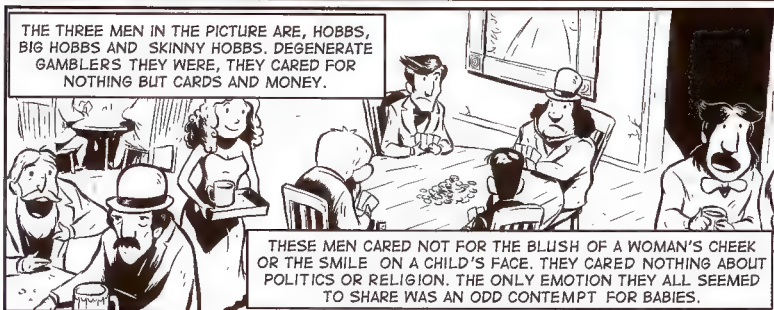






# 3 OF A KIND

WRITTEN CHRIS REILLY AND  
STEVE AHLQUIST  
ARTWORK BY CHRIS GRINE

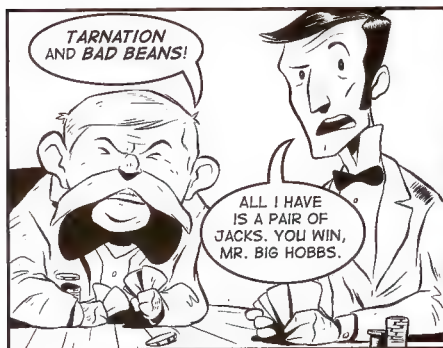




I BELIEVE, GENTLEMEN,  
THAT IN MOST CARD PLAYING  
CIRCLES THIS IS REFERRED  
TO AS A **FULL HOUSE!**



IT SURE IS, HOBBS.  
BUT I BELIEVE IN THOSE  
SAME CIRCLES MY  
**FOUR ACES** BEAT  
YOUR **FULL HOUSE!**

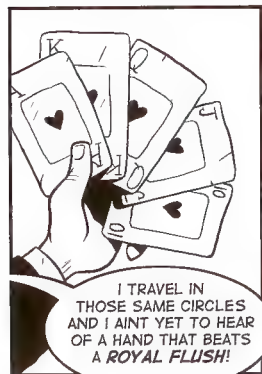


**TARNATION  
AND BAD BEANS!**

ALL I HAVE  
IS A PAIR OF  
JACKS. YOU WIN,  
MR. BIG HOBBS.



HANG ON!  
I STILL HAVE  
A HAND TO  
PLAY.



I TRAVEL IN  
THOSE SAME CIRCLES  
AND I AINT YET TO HEAR  
OF A HAND THAT BEATS  
A **ROYAL FLUSH!**



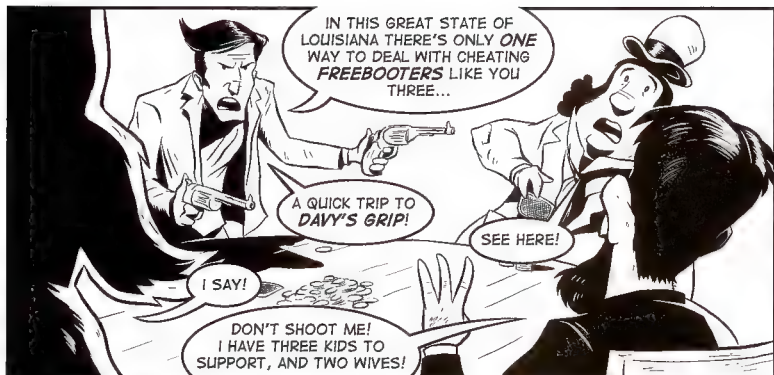
**HOLD ON  
A DARN SEC...**

I'LL NOT BE HORNSWAGGLED  
IN SO YONDER EGREGIOUS A  
MANNER! I COUNT FIVE KINGS ON  
THE TABLE! **ALL HEARTS!**

I BEG YOUR PARDON  
"YONDER EGREGIOUS"?  
JUST WHAT ARE YOU  
IMPLYING, SIR?

I'M IMPLYING  
THAT YOUR CHEATING IS  
BEYOND **CONSPICUOUSLY** BAD!





A TERRIBLE TURN OF  
EVENTS FOR A MAN OF  
MY ACCOMPLISHMENTS!

ALL *YOU* EVER  
ACCOMPLISHED IS  
BEING *BROKE*!

I GOT A  
BAD FEELING  
ABOUT THIS.

IT APPEARS SHALLOW  
ENOUGH TO WADE  
ACROSS.

WE HAVE TO  
CROSS THIS MUD  
TO GET TO  
OUR HORSES?

WADE THROUGH  
*MORE* MUD? THESE  
ARE NEW SHOES!

DANGER!  
QUICK  
SAND

A POINT WELL  
TAKEN, SKINNY HOBBS.  
MY CLOTHES ARE TOO  
FINE TO RISK BECOMING  
SOILED.

HUH?

HE DOESN'T  
WANT TO GET  
DIRTY.

OH. WHY  
DIDN'T HE  
SAY SO?

HERE'S WHAT I'LL DO.  
I'LL PAY YOU TWO TO  
CARRY ME ACROSS.

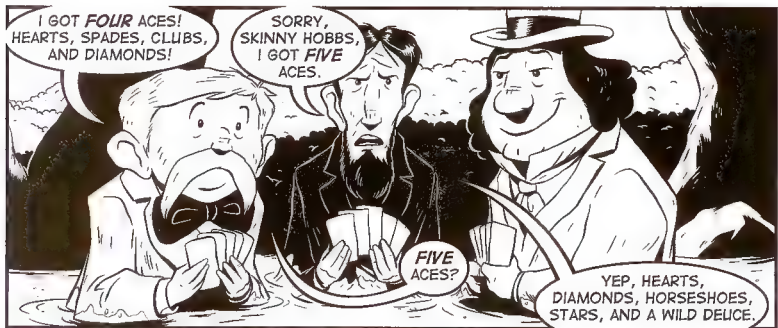
YOU DON'T  
HAVE ANY  
MONEY.

I'LL WRITE  
EACH OF YOU  
AN I-O-U.

YOU *ALREADY*  
OWE ME \$500!

IF I CARRY YOU  
ACROSS WE'RE *EVEN*, BUT  
YOU HAVE TO TRADE ME  
SHOES. MINE ARE BRAND NEW.







SOON...

SOMETHING'S NIBBLING MY TOES. CAN I CLIMB UP THERE WITH YOU GUYS?

THEN WHO WOULD SUPPORT US?

MAYBE YOU SHOULD TAKE A TURN. WHO EVER HEARD OF THE ACE OF APPLES?

YOU MEAN LIKE THE ACE OF HORSESHOES?



HEY... WAIT A MINUTE... DID YOU GUYS CHEAT?



SO WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM? THEY EVER GET OUT OF THE SWAMP?

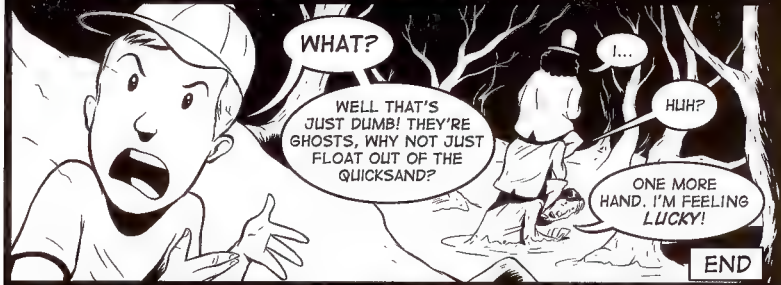
SEE FOR YOURSELF.



A ROYAL FLUSH!

ME TOO!

I GOT TWO ROYAL FLUSHES, ALL KINGS!



WHAT?

WELL THAT'S JUST DUMB! THEY'RE GHOSTS, WHY NOT JUST FLOAT OUT OF THE QUICKSAND?

I...

HUH?

ONE MORE HAND. I'M FEELING LUCKY!

END



ONCE THERE WAS A MANSION. MOST  
PEOPLE THOUGHT IT WAS HAUNTED,  
AND STEERED CLEAR OF THE PLACE



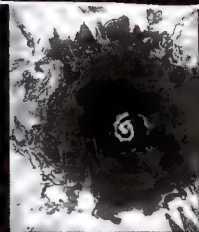
# THE MISERY OF THE MANSE PART I

STORY BY DAN VABO ART BY DREW KROUCH



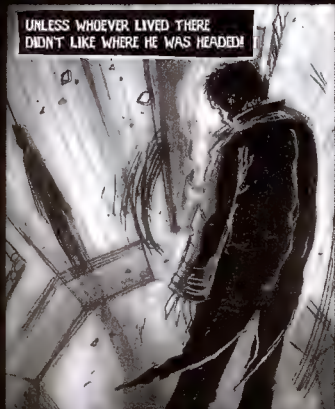
THEN, ONE DAY, THE WHOLE  
PLACE DISAPPEARED, SWAL-  
LOWED UP BY THE EARTH AND  
TAKEN TO WHO-KNOWS-WHERE.

NOW, IF THE HOUSE WERE  
HAUNTED, THAT WOULD MEAN  
ONLY GHOSTS LIVED THERE.



IT STANDS TO REASON THAT BEING  
SWALLOWED UP INTO A GRAVE  
WOULDN'T CAUSE MUCH OF A PROBLEM  
FOR THE RESIDENTS...

UNLESS WHOEVER LIVED THERE  
DIDN'T LIKE WHERE HE WAS HEADED!



I...  
I'M...

I'M ME  
AGAIN!







THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE IS ALWAYS THE LAST TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.

LEOTA!!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT OF YOUR CRYSTAL BALL???



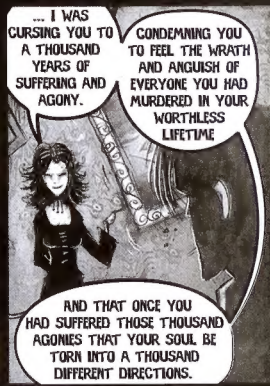
I'M HERE TO SEE YOU GET YOUR JUST REWARDS, WILLIAM. I'M HERE FOR YOU TO FACE JUDGEMENT.

BUMP!



JUDGEMENT? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, YOU CRAZY WITCH?

I'M TALKING ABOUT HOW WHILE YOU WERE MURDERING ME...



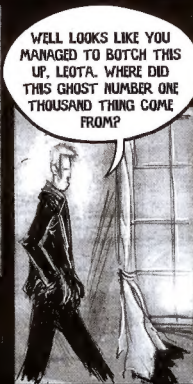
... I WAS CURSING YOU TO A THOUSAND YEARS OF SUFFERING AND AGONY.

CONDEMNING YOU TO FEEL THE WRATH AND ANGUISH OF EVERYONE YOU HAD MURDERED IN YOUR WORTHLESS LIFETIME

AND THAT ONCE YOU HAD SUFFERED THOSE THOUSAND AGONIES THAT YOUR SOUL BE TORN INTO A THOUSAND DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS.



A PRETTY STANDARD CURSE. THE BEST I COULD THINK OF OFF THE TOP OF MY HEAD.



WELL LOOKS LIKE YOU MANAGED TO BOTCH THIS UP, LEOTA. WHERE DID THIS GHOST NUMBER ONE THOUSAND THING COME FROM?

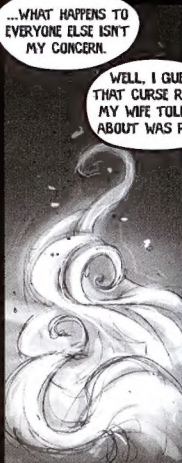


YOU WERE CHOKING ME AT THE TIME, WILLIAM. DON'T BLAME ME IF THINGS GOT A LITTLE STRANGE.




THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT YOU GET WHAT YOU DESERVE...





...WHAT HAPPENS TO  
EVERYONE ELSE ISN'T  
MY CONCERN.


WELL, I GUESS  
THAT CURSE RUMOR  
MY WIFE TOLD ME  
ABOUT WAS REAL.




SOMETHING BIG  
WOULD HAPPEN IS THERE  
WAS EVER A THOUSAND  
GHOSTS.

YES, LEOTA  
ALWAYS USED TO  
TALK ABOUT IT, I  
WOULD SUPPOSE  
THIS QUALIFIES  
AS BIG.


WAIT...



WHAT ARE YOU  
TALKING ABOUT,  
WHAT HAPPENED HERE?  
WHAT HAPPENED TO  
STEVE?




WELL, ACCORDING TO  
MY WIFE THE MANSION  
AND EVERYONE IN IT  
LIVING AND DEAD WOULD  
SUFFER SOME HORRIBLE  
FATE ONCE THERE WERE A  
THOUSAND GHOSTS.



SINCE YOUR BOYFRIEND WAS  
IN THE HOUSE WHEN IT DIS-  
APPEARED I WOULD SAY HE'S...

STEVE  
IS DEAD???  
BUT...




IT WOULD HAVE BEEN YOU, DEAR, BUT  
WHEN THAT PARAMEDIC BROUGHT YOU  
BACK TO THE REAL WORLD HE CUT THE  
POPULATION BACK TO JUST UNDER THE  
MAGIC NUMBER.

HONESTLY, WE'VE  
BEEN SKATING AROUND  
THAT NUMBER FOR  
YEARS.




WHERE DID  
THEY GO?  
WHERE DID  
THE HOUSE  
DISAPPEAR  
TO?



WELL DEAR, THE  
HOUSE DID SINK,  
SO MY GUESS  
WOULD BE...



NO....




THERE WERE A LOT OF GHOSTS LIVING  
IN THAT PLACE,  
BUT THEY WERENT  
ALL ANGELS.  
PEOPLE LIKE YOUR  
BOYFRIEND AND MY  
WIFE JUST GOT  
CAUGHT UP IN THE  
NUMBERS.



THIS IS MY FAULT, ALL OF  
IT...

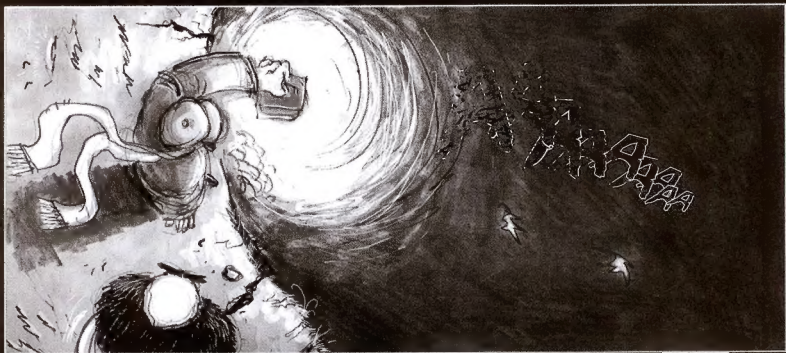
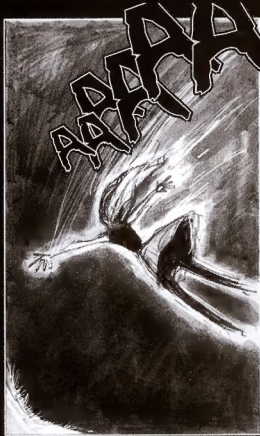
HOPEFULLY THE  
GOOD FOLKS GET  
SORTED OUT  
FROM THE BAD  
ONES.



I'M GOING TO FIX THIS.  
IF IT'S THE LAST THING I  
DO, I'M GOING TO FIX THIS.

YOU'RE  
GOING TO  
WHAT?





TO BE CONTINUED...